Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre.
Bar. 'Tis now strooke twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco.*
Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.
Bar. Well, good night:
If you doe meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
The riualls of my watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Francisco. I ~~thinke I~~ heare them, stand ho, who is here?
Hora. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leegemen to the *Dane.*
Fran. Giue you good night.
Marcellus. O, farewell honest Souldiers, who hath relieu'd you?
Fran. Bernardo hath my place; giue you good night. *Exit Fran.*
Mar. Holla, *Barnardo.*
Bar. Say what, is *Horatio* there?
Hora. A peece of him.
Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*
Hora. What has this thing appear'd againe to night?
Bar. I haue seene nothing.
Mar. Horatio sayes 'tis but a fantasie,
And w ll not let beliefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minutes of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approue our eyes and speake to it.
Hora. Tush, Tush, 'twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,

That

1 ~~a there~~? 26 our fantasie.
2 twelfe & hart 15 leegemen 17 farwell.
21 say, what is ye 30 minuts 31. apparision
32. approoue

That are so fortified against our story,
What we haue two nights seene.
Hora. Well, sit we downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.
Bar. Last night of all,
When yond same star thats Westward from the Pole;
Had made his course t'illumin that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe
The Bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace breake thee off looke where it comes againe,
Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholler speake to it *Horatio.*
Hora. Most like, it horrowes me with feare and wonder.
Bar. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Speake to it *Horatio*
Hora. What art thou that vsurpst this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Maiesty of buried *Denmarke*
Did somtimes march: by heauen I charge thee speak.
Mar. It is offended.
Bar. See it staukes away.
Hora. Stay, speake, speake I charge thee speake.

Exit Ghost.

Mar. Tis gone and will not answere.
Bar. How now *Horatio*, you tremble & look pale,
Is not this something more then phantasie?
What thinke you of it?
Hora. Before my God I might not this beleeue,
Without the sensible and true auouch
Of mine owne eies.

6 westward 7 Pillume

13 —— Horatio.
Bar. Lookes a not like the king? marke
Hora. Most like ye
28 —think you on't? 30 sensible.